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We have given the matter of Field and Garden seeds, careful study for a number of years, and in making our selections for the coming Season we have used the utmost care to see if we could raise our high standard of quality and also to increase the varieties, so that our stock will be more complete than ever before.

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Red Top

Lettuce
Radishes

Saplin Clover
Alfalfa Clover

Blue Grass
Timothy

Cabbage
Tomatoes.

Oats, Hay, Corn, Bran, Sucrene, Chicken Feed. Ground grits, and Oyster shell.

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Forbes Mfg. Company

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MORE LETTERS FROM SIAM

Miss Starling Tells More of
Her Experiences in Mis-
sion Field.

Oct. 26, 1910.

Miss Buck went to the hill on Friday last, leaving me in possession of the field, so of course I had my hands full, until she returned Monday morning. On Sunday we heard of the death of the King of Siam, so the next morning we dismissed school for two days, following the example of the government school. We had a sick girl for about a week, and on Saturday morning, the doctor decided that she had appendicitis, and must be operated on at once. So she was removed to the hospital that afternoon, was operated on the next morning, and died on Monday afternoon. The doctor had waited too long, and she was literally rotten inside. The intestines were so soft, he did not dare search for the appendix. She was the only girl, and her mother, father and three brothers were all there, and were so distressed. But the mother, after the first outburst of grief, settled into a passive state, and at the funeral seemed no more concerned than any stranger. But these people are very heroic in death—in fact, seldom show deep emotion of any sort. Whether they are more heroic or less emotional than we, I do not know. These were very poor people, so Miss Buck and I paid the funeral expenses, which in this country, are very light. The girl's death struggles seemed to me dreadful, though Dr. Mason thought them very ordinary. But it took six of us to hold her. Her death disclosed some very painful circumstances, that I had better not mention, so on the whole I was very much shaken up, and concluded not to go to the burial, and was invited to stay over at the doctor's for a game of tennis, after the funeral. Just as I was starting home, they asked me to stay to supper, and have some games afterwards, so by bed time, I had been able, to a degree, to get my mind off the last two days' happenings.

Last night after supper, Miss Buck went to the dormitory, to administer some medicine, and found all the girls with their beds huddled together in a corner, as far as possible from the place where the sick girl had lain, with the old husband of the matron keeping them company. They were afraid, (Silly girls, with two teachers) and begging Miss Buck to stay with them, so she sat and talked with them awhile. If I am not much mistaken, those girls are a "nice" or "pleasant" be-

fore they have forgotten about this girl's death, and I have been almost nervous enough to see one myself.

It seems not unlikely now that I may go to Chiang Rai next year. I came out with the Whites last fall, and now they want me up there. If I am to go anywhere else, I had rather be there than anywhere else, for I have some good friends there. This is next the largest field in the mission, and this is certainly our most needy station at present. Miss Buck is very anxious to go there, and has offered herself, but for some reason they don't want her. I should be quite content to stay here and let her go, but as long as Nan and Chiang Rai are both asking for me, it seems likely that I may be sent to one of these places. Of course I am ready to go anywhere but if I have a choice in the matter, it seems to me that Chiang Rai needs me worse, and the Whites are just about the loveliest people in the whole mission, as far as my having pleasant surroundings is concerned. But you can just make up your mind that I am going to get along alright, wherever I am, or I always have, thus far.

We are planning to hold memorial services in all our churches next Sunday, for the dead king. We feel that Siam's future is very uncertain just now. England and France will eventually probably divide the country between them. If France gets hold of it, it will mean that all missionaries will have to get out, I suppose.

School closes in three weeks, when Miss Buck and I are planning to go to the hill for a week's rest before Annual meeting. We will be on a continual strain for ten days or two weeks, so I want to feel fresh at the start.

It seems queer to be wishing you a merry Xmas in Oct., but if I wish my Xmas greetings to reach you in time, I will have to send them this mail. I hope you all may have a very happy season. It will not seem at all like Xmas out here, with the weather so warm and bright.

Nov. 10, 1910.

My Dearest Mother,—For the last few days, I have been trying to put about two days' work into one. School closes next week, and we are arranging the closing exercises and exhibit of our sewing class. My girls have been piecing a quilt, which I am to buy, and we won't get it done if we don't work extra time. I have all the busting to do, in addition to my regular class, so I have hardly been taking time to sleep. But we are to have the exercises next Tuesday, and then I hope for a good long time, for a week. Miss Buck and I are planning to tie to the mountain, to get rejuvenated for Annual meeting, and will spend about a week there.

We have had so much sickness lately, that I shall be relieved when the girls are all safe at home with their parents. There has been a good

deal of fever, and two of the girls are in the hospital now. Mrs. Campbell says that Dr. C. has given five times as much medicine this year, as he has in any of the twelve years they have been on the field. Miss Buck had to give up a drill she was practicing, so many of the girls were sick. My drill is about ready, and I am holding my breath for fear some of my girls may get sick. It will be very pretty, and I want to get some snap-shots of the different poses.

The Harrises got in last week, from their furlough. Mrs. H. is one of the most charming women I have met in many days. She is a daughter of Mrs. McGilvary. They brought back their little sis and a half-year-old daughter, with one limb in a brace. She had infantile paralysis, while in the States. She is a dear little girl. It is nice to have a child in the station. The Mason boys are so bad they don't count, among the pleasure of life, anyhow. Their parents are raising them on the theory that they must be reasoned with; and I don't think the reasoning powers of boys two and three years old are very highly developed, especially when one or both is yelling so loud they couldn't hear the reasoning, if they wanted to.

The High Commissioner of this province has written, asking service be sent them, that he may send the new king an account of the exercises. When prince, he visited this city, and named the boys' school, "Prince Royal College," and has always been very friendly to the missionaries, so we are hoping that his accession may mean great things for the cause of Christ in this land.

Little Aileen Carr has a birthday party this afternoon, and we are invited over. I suppose I shall have to go, as I did not go the last time she had a party. Mrs. Carr is very hospitable, and there are so few children here, I feel that we ought to do all we can for them. The Carrs are English, and lovely people. Aileen, their only child, is six years old, and beautiful, but so timid, I feel sorry for her. I suppose it is because she has never had other children to play with her.

Mrs. White has written down from Chiang Rai, inviting Miss Buck and myself up to spend Xmas. It is a small station, and they get very lonely up there. I hardly think we will go just then, however. Annual meeting will make enough good times for a while. I should enjoy the trip, though, and want to make it some day. It is in the mountains, and the scenery is very beautiful.

I just must stop, and get at my other work. Will write a longer letter, next time.

LUCY STARLING.

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square.

UNPAID LICENSES

Have Now Been Increased
Ten Per Cent.

City licenses that were not renewed by Feb. 1 will be increased ten per cent. from that date. This does not apply where new licenses are taken out, but only affects renewals. Many licenses have heretofore been collected with difficulty and the new law made this important change. The inspector will be instructed to enforce the collections without delay or those who have not paid will have to stop business and may have fines assessed. The city proposes to do a cash business this year in all departments.

Don't Fail
to see
Anderson's
Eight Big
Specials for
Saturday.

MRS. J. H. WATSON

Sad Death of Wife of I. C.
Conductor.

Mrs. Carrie M. Watson, wife of Jefferson H. Watson, a conductor on the I. C. Railroad, died Tuesday morning after a protracted illness, of uraemic poison, at the family home on Campbell street.

The family came here from Clay, Ky., a few years ago. Mrs. Watson was a handsome and attractive lady devoted to her husband and invalid child. She was about 25 years of age and was a member of the Baptist church at Clay. The body was taken to that place for interment.

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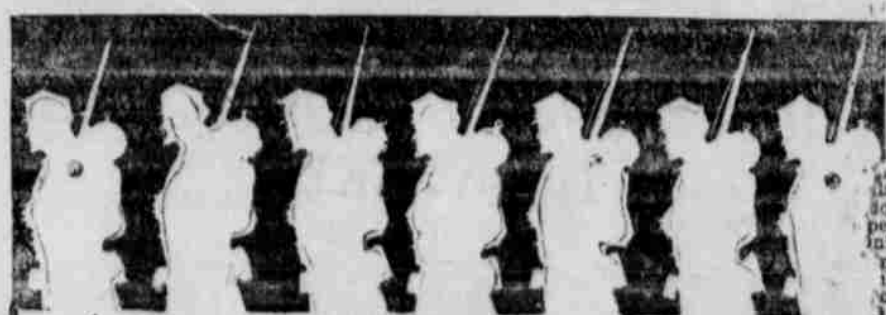
Just Received

Two carloads of Buggies for
February. Also fresh lot of
Binn's Graham Flour and a
full line of Garden seed.

Old customers and new ones
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get polite and courteous
treatment and your money's
worth for every dollar ex-
pended in our store.

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Who Was There That You Knew?

In the shadowy ranks of those who marched to defeat or death or victory fifty years ago in the mighty conflict that convulsed this great nation, is there father or grandfather or uncle of yours? Would you like to see a photograph of him in that long ago day of his youth—a photograph that he never knew was taken? Perhaps we can show you one; and in any case, we can tell you a story, stranger than any detective fiction, of 3,500 priceless photographs that were lost and are found again.

3,500 Long Buried Photographs of the Civil War

THEY were taken by the greatest photographer in the United States of that day; they were bought by the United States Government for \$30,000; they were buried in the War Department for 50 years—they are buried there still. But a duplicate set was kept by the photographer—who died poor and broken down; that duplicate set was knocked from pillar to post for nearly 30 years, until it was discovered by a New England collector. J. Pierpont Morgan tried to buy the collection—La-Pré, President Garfield and General Sherman's F. Butler said it was worth \$250,000—but when the story of the Bayou or Bayou, the entire collection, 3,500 photographs, late 19 great volumes and is placed within your reach for less than the value of one of the photographs. It is the one accurate, impartial history of the Civil War you have heard before. Taken under protection of the Secret Service, these photographs bring to light thousands of hitherto unknown phases of the war; they penetrate to strange places and record strange things.

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